(NEWTON OIL COMPANY-Executive Offices:) 10/17/60

Dear Frank:

I have just read "The Lies and Libels about a dead man." I think the publisher erred when he printed "Brome" as the name of the author. "Broom" is surely the name - and this one is an outhouse broom, because it paints a picture that is rotten beyond words about someone who can't defend himself.

Why do I say this? I'll write the true story of my meeting with Frank Harris, my visit to him at Nice, his trip to my home in N.Y., his stay there, so that when you read the truth and compare it to the lies printed about "N" and Harris' relation with him in Brome's biography of Harris, you will say as I did: If this author writes as he does, expecting the reader to accept his lies as truth, and he doesn't even go to the trouble to check with "N" as to what he professes to write, then he is a fool to expect the reader to believe any part of his story, especially if that reader (myself) knows the author is lying from start to finish...in his account of the last trip of Harris to N.Y.

Now to my story: On a summer's day at the Roycroft Shop in East Aurora, N.Y., Felix Shay, then editor of Elbert Hubbard's "Fra" Magazine, asked me if I knew Frank Harris? I said "No". Felix gave me a copy of "The Man Shakespeare" and a letter of introduction to Harris.

On my way back to Richmond, Virginia, I stopped in N.Y., went down to the office of Pearson's magazine and waited in the reception room while Guida Bruno and Harris were in conference.

Bruno came out and I went in. I had heard the basso profundo voice in the inner office and wondered if the voice was Harris'. When I first looked at him he seemed a little guy for such a big voice.

I didn't give him the letter I had from Felix Shay. I said, "Mr. Harris, I've come to N.Y. to meet you because I've read your book, "The Man Shakespeare," and while I can put to memory some of Shakespeare's plays, I've never had a real insight to the man until I read your book."

Then that voice boomed out as he arose to grasp my outstretched hand. Just then a side door opened and some stranger asked, "Mr. Harris can you tell me where I can get

a book containing the poems of Oscar Wilde?" Harris boomed out, "Wilde only wrote one poem worth the reading and there's no book of poems by Wilde." And that was that.

We sat down and when Harris learned I was from Texas, had once been a cowboy and then an oil man, we were soon in the midst of a talk-fest that lasted for two hours.

Harris suddenly said, "You must come to my place for dinner and meet my wife." I agreed. He called and said we would be there at four o'clock.

I met Nellie and the three of us had dinner at home and after another two hours I bade Frank Harris and Nellie goodnight.

Soon after I got back to Richmond I wrote Frank, thanking him for having me to dinner. A correspondence began and after a few letters Harris wrote, "Let's dispense with formality. Call me Frank, and I'll call you Silas."

During the following year and a half I saw Frank two or three times. He told me his problems in re Pearsons, and in time brought up his idea about a book that he proposed to write to be published after his death. Briefly, his idea was that the birth, the growth, the old age, the passing, the decadence and death of the mental creative processes, paralleled sense of the sex phase of Homo sapiens. He said that he had studied the lives of many great writers and he was certain of his position, but, he said,"No matter the kind of case I might make out as to Shakespeare, for example, the sex angle could only be hear-say or deduction, and no proof could be offered." He added, "You can only use yourself as a witness, and if I do that in my own case and let it be published during my life-time, I will be ruined beyond all hope of saving." I argued that if his case was to be set out as a serious study of the two processes, only he could defend himself against the critics of his work. Harris had a letter from Shaw as to how he should treat the subject, and it was almost identical with mine, but Frank refused to see it as I did, and said "I can't take the chance."

When he went away to the Catskills and did the first "This Life and Loves" volume, he didn't even tell me about it.

Now "Broom" makes out that all Harris and Bruno did throughout the Pearson days was to write money-begging letters and concoct schemes to get money. Not once did Harris in any way ever even suggest to me that he needed money - to the point where he

would like for me to help him.

In the winter of 1928, January, I think, my wife Nan O'Reilly and her secretary and friend, Rose Meyer, went to Europe. In Paris Nan cabled me for Frank's address in Nice, and an introduction to him. I sent it at once and they went down to Nice and spent several days with the Harrises there. Two or three lunches and meetings with Frank and Nellie and Nellie's sister were of the most pleasant nature.

In May or June, 1927, I went to Britain with Tommy Armour to compete in the British Open. There were several weeks between the Open and the Amateur, so Tommy had a brother in Aix Les Bains, and he and I went to the South of France. He stopped to visit his brother and I went on to Nice to see Frank Harris, and later Tommy and I met back in Paris, and thence to Prestwick for the Amateur.

I called on Frank and renewed acquaintence with Nellie, and met her sister, Aggie O'Hara. On one occasion I took Frank for a ride, we went up to some place up in the mountain. We had lunch at a famous place in the mountains, and looking out over the Mediterranean Frank told me about his writing of his "Life and Loves." He broke down and wept as he told me that he had discovered he could no longer do creative work, and that his love escapades failed to prove his case, and he was hooked with a failure, and that no matter how he tried, each volume was worse than the previous one. He said that when he read the first volume he suddenly realized that a man was trying to create a boy's understanding of sex, and it was not a boy talking, and that he re-wrote the whole first volume. I think critics agreed that his first volume more nearly approached his objective than the succeeding ones.

Frank told me in Nice he wanted to return to America for a lecture tour, proposed by somebody in Chicago, but he couldn't because he was barred on account of the circulation of his "Life and Loves." I told him I thought I could arrange his return, and then I proposed that if I got him to America, and his lecture tour was a success, I would advance $10,000 for him to make a trip around the world. I said, "I would want you to write your impression of people and countries through the eyes of a man now in the evening of his life - a philosopher comparing the world as of then to it as of the time he went around the world as a young man." He seemed elated over the idea and talked for

an hour on the subject. During my stay in Nice, which lasted two or three days, he never once approached the subject of money.

When I arranged through Joe Murphy, the real head of the F.B.I., then in Washington, for Harris to return to N.Y., they required that I be responsible for him and his conduct throughout his stay. And they said, "When he comes over, we want you to go down with the immigration authorities and take charge of him at quarantine." I did just that, but did not let Frank know I was even going to meet him.

He came over in a ship named, "Albert Ballin." It seems strange to me that Nellie would have been sent to N.Y. to try to get him back to the States. How could I meet Nellie and her sister in Nice if she was in N.Y.? (Page 205).

A complete lie, the last two paragraphs on Page 205.

I sent Harris only $500 for expense funds - but I paid for their steamship passage.

I went down to meet him. This was in December '28. I had been in Nice the previous June. Broom says, "Harris made plans to leave for N.Y. as soon as possible. Bunk.

Page 206 - Broom's stretcher gag and the whole story is fiction and untruth. The immigration people told me that Mr. & Mrs. Harris were to have the freedom of the Port, on instructions from Washington.

I had Frank paged on board. When I had boarded the ship he and Nellie were not in their stateroom. When I found them near the Immigration Desk, both Frank and Nellie were overcome with relief. Frank told me there that he was afraid he was going to be arrested - and he took out of his pocket what he said was a cyanide potassium vial, although he didn't expose it.

I then told them that they had been accorded the courtesy of the Port of N.Y. The immigration people cleared them both then and there, and said to me, "You now have these two good people in your charge."

Nan and Rose were at the gangway as we came off the ship. We picked up the Harris bags and gave instructions for their trunks to be delivered to our house on Park Avenue, then we drove home.

At once we noticed Frank was in bad shape. I had my short-wave therapy man and masseur come to the house at once, and each day he treated Frank for an hour.

It was a week before we let any one see him. A few of his "Life & Love" booksellers walked up and down the street outside our door. If I remember correctly, we let Tobin see Frank only once - - and that for a few minutes.

Our problem was to see if we could get Frank ~~in shape~~ to appear in public. This took a month.

But the Chicago lecture people were myths. There wasn't anyone out there that came forward, so the American lecture business faded out.

The "many" heartfelt confessions in next 2 or 3 weeks (Page 207) are completely false. Page 209 - "Walking streets of N.Y." completely false. When he went anywhere it was in Nan's 16-cylinder Cadillac with her chauffeur to drive him and someone was with him.

One day he wanted a haircut. I at once called my barber in the turkish bath at the Biltmore and told him to cut Frank's hair and I would pay him. He did so, when he finished he told Frank there was no charge, whereupon Frank fished out of his pocket a $5.00 bill and said, "This is for you, my man." My barber returned it to me and I gave Frank hell about it.

After a month he was so improved ~~that he was trying to pinch the bottom of the maid who took him his breakfast.~~ We decided to try to show the authorities at Washington that Frank was a philosopher and was looking at life from the viewpoint of a philosopher and was harmless. So I went down and cooked up the lecture at the Congressional Club on Shakespeare.

Frank was as ~~exited~~ excited as a child. We beat into him that he must not talk on sex or politics; only Shakespeare.

Came Sunday, and his arrival in Washington with Nellie, Nan and Rose. We housed him in the President's suite and there he met the Comptroller General and his wife; the head of the Secret Service, Joe Murphy, and a lot of other ranking officials.

~~About 700 people~~ VIPs greeted him. I introduced him, quoting Oscar Wilde, who had said, "Frank must have lived in Shakespeare's time, for no man could know as much about him otherwise."

Frank arose and said, "I was told not to talk about sex or politics - only Shakespeare. There's not much to tell about him except his relation with Mary Fitton." Half a dozen words about Mary Fitton - and he sat down.

The crowd was as still as death. I leaned over to Jim Meakin, a book-dealer, and said, "Quick, ask him a question."

In 5 minutes of questions, Frank forgot his mad and was off and running. He thrilled the crowd for about 1-1/2 hours and then we marched down the long cloistered aisle with the crowd cheering him.

Half--way, he pinched the bottom of the 3rd lady of the land, Mrs. McCarl, wife of Comptroller General. She was walking beside Frank.

Frank met many important people at dinner at our house, and was supremely happy. But we couldn't have him there forever and he forgot completely any idea of an American lecture tour and a trip around the world, so after ~~about 2-1/2 months~~ ten weeks he began pining for the French Riviera, his home, so we put him aboard ship for his return hom to Nice.

~~Nellie wrote constantly to Nan. Arthur Ross came to our house time and again.~~ Nellie, after Frank's death, was constantly getting money from Nan. She even brought over on one occasion the nude by Whistler, got $1000 from Nan, and wanted Nan to sell it for $4000. It was stolen off the wall in Nan's apartment the day she died.

So you see, Frank, Broom is a liar, and ~~if he~~ lies about one facet of Frank Harris' life, I figure to look askance at the rest of his yarn. He even besmirches your relation with Harris and doubts your ghosting the Shaw work.

So be it.

Yours,

/s/ Si Newton

Jan 30th 1957

Dear Frank-

Thanks for your good letter - Am I correct in figuring you made a copy even that you wrote me long hand? If so you mailed the copy and kept the original -

I forgot to say, I think, I mailed a copy of the Motion to Sharon, along with the Past story If you care to read it borrow her copy - The street comment since the story broke can be summed up as follows, "Well what happened, you got a break in the press at last, now maybe the public will see what a prejudiced Judge you had" His from publicans and sinners and about a dozen lawyer friends -

As time gets along, more and more people say, you just didn't have the right trial lawyers - I talked to Rose several times during the year, but was deluded into thinking that Geo Smith's program would be concluded and he'd have the money to bring Rose here - As I see it now that was the real reason he ducked the job, and I can blame him - Had he been here, hell would have been to pay, unless he figured, "let the Judge above and crucify Hader" - That was all we needed - and our attorneys were just not vicious cross examiners, and didn't know Oil or geophysics - Am sorry I thought there are two "high priced men here who could have torn Hader to bits, but

(2)

No money, no "guilty" was the verdict - I do not believe the higher court can get away from the truth of our position when they follow the law, and if they review the record they will not hesitate to throw the thing in the ash can -

We had a long session with all 3 attys re the Calif Chronicle Crap - They claim we must wait until these are cleared and then they will go after them with every weapon the law allows - So there we are - I am certain beyond words that Doc is a hopeless case, and I doubt any recovery to balanced thinking even when his skull fracture heals - It just does not seem possible that he can do and say the things we have heard him say the last 90 days. Talk about Cloud 7 - he's on 77 - all the time - Talk about Cloud 7 - he's on 77 - all the time -

As to the Chronicle story I have complete file except one issue - My evenings at home are free, as my son-wife and kids hit the bay 8:30 to 9 P.M. and I'm alone - I'm going to write a complete paragraph by paragraph answer to the worlds most sordid collection of lies and libels, - and send it to you - There's bound to come a day when the world will be interested to know the history of a Cult, Court and the operation of a cesspool right from the Chronicle latrine in San Francisco -

(3) Jim getting the Radio in to Reno's hands, for better or for worse - I put Doc on the carpet this week in the presence of his two women his nurse and his wife, and I told him what I proposed to do, and I said "If you want to stop me do it now, because if you come bid Jim going to blast you to the world" I just don't know if he realizes what it means to be found a liar about this Radio. As matters stand, I just don't propose to trust anyone any more on any real issue - the U.S. business is strange as you know. The most peculiar thing is that day by day we get more support for the story we originally heard - and that forces me to believe this man had the inside somewhere along the line - but I know now he has no regard for what he says and he thereby keeps himself continuously in hot water.

As Jim told you he undertaken to get back on my feet by revamping our Rangely holdings, a test to the Mississippian 8000 ft is now a test to the Mississippian 8000 ft is now 5000 feet deep and in 60 days more be in - If it's the well I figure it to be, the Boom there will start all over bigger than before -

The Nat. Nursing Congress closed tonight here with a "Sowbelly Dinner" - Uranium was king here yesterday! The area we are in is the heart of the present boom over in the land of Moab - in Utah - This, if I handle my

and can get me will be 3 to 6 months and no fooling - But I've been out so hard I hesitate to employ my own brand of enthusiasm which for all these years has been my forte - This is a "natural" - but at the moment I have exactly sixty cents and nowhere I know to get a penny. Sharon and Howard are actually starving and unless I get my bond money on the line I can't eat. Stop in the county jail because I just don't see how I can hold the bondsman off longer than the middle of next week - He wants his money - I regret to say that the coolness in this house is most depressing, and since before Xmas my boy hasn't helped me in any manner - My first money break will see me out of here, where I can have some peace of mind - Now the years I have kept silent about matters of this kind - Not one member of the family has ever inquired as to either Howard or Sharon - Many didn't go out of their way before she went to court but since then they have never mentioned either - I go out of my way to show the kids Howards pictures, but they are coached to keep their mouths shut -

This and a lot more, Frank tends to put a bitter taste into my thinking, but some how I feel that there's a solution and in the years ahead there's a way to climb the

5

the heights - I shall not forget, I promise you - And as to Mr Cohan, in my time and way I shall make that vicious bit of sarcasm suffer beyond anything the Statue "knows" about - And I mean mental + physical -

I do not know, if there are publishers who have the foresight to realize the story you have to tell is ~~top~~ beyond and above the call of duty as they say about the heroes - I do not believe your pen can be stilled on this subject - I want you to have all the facts, and if necessary I'll provide all the money no matter how much - because I know that I have the means and the Knowledge and the ability to look another fortune in the face before 1954 is history - And, I've started all the lifetime of training and experience will go into this one - I want real security for Howard and Sharon, no matter what she does. and as for myself, well I've never turned my face to the wall -

Somehow, some way, I would like to see you back to health so that you can make that run down the stretch of the years ahead like the trial "man of war" you really are -

So my best to you and yours across the miles — Love Ai

Tuesday night=

Dear Frank:

First, I want all of you to know that I appreciate deeply your thots and your prayers. Especially Alice and all that she has done - It seems however that the forces of Evil won the first round here and in a convincing fashion -

The program that confronts us now consists of two things - Jan 28th the first battle for a new trial based on the following primary grounds - Jr Bauer, suffered a Basal Skull Fracture on arrival in Denver a few days before the trial - The airport Bus enroute airport to hotel wrecked & car and passengers were injured - among them Jr Bauer - Mellman immediately filed motion for continuance - States Drs did some half way Xray work and reported a couple of Aspirins were all the man needed. So Judge denied motion - case started, and day by day Jr Bauer got worse - He collapsed, with ruptured Ulcers and his Doctor reported to court. Judge asked if Dr that patient was faking, Dr smelled up and said 3 blood transfusions, - and a semi unconscious patient was hardly a fake deal - Court sent Specialist and his Dr filed written report - I read same - Ruptured Ulcers and Malignant Growth - Patient in such condition unable to determine when he could return to court - Case started again, Patient on stand 30 to 40 minutes, began incoherent testimony ramblin statements unrelated to case - They took him quickly out of sight of Jury - Man collapsed and chest sunk - Looked like dead man - In Judges chambers artificial respiration brought him out, and Dr got there - He stupidly

then tried to tell Judge that he wanted to go on with trial regardless - and then his own attorney came up with waiver of constitutional rights for him to sign so case could go on with him absent - My atty yelled bloody murder Judge overruled and let case go on, so the little dab of worthless testimony ruined Hal Bauers case 100% and I had to suffer - If that's justice Berid in Russia had it easy He knew he was a "goner", but they promised me a fair trial - I know I may be wrong but I screamed at atty all P.M. that a new trial must be had, and if denied on argument appealed to supreme court this state. Its a cinch this judge wont grant any - thing - I say this should be fought out to the bitter end, before any appeals are taken to higher court -

The show is over as to this trial - I had no money - the D.A. made great Capital out of Deversons testimony, and as I did not have you or Koehler here, I was last on that angle - Bob Shearer, the man who first took me to Hadens in June 1949. ran out like a rat and couldn't remember the year so we could not put him on the stand - and that hurt - Every friend I have is calling him a A.W.B. but that doesn't help me.

As you know now I talked to Gene, re getting me the loan of that film to show here privately Some friends here say Palmer Hoyt of the Post is

so greedy that if he saw the film - He would have the Post sponsor a lecture, on the grounds that they are always for fair play regardless and this man Nash knows more about Dancers than any one - So back with the Doodlebug case, this mans story is news all over again - Then if Gene gets the film here one shall see and quick - I would like to give at least 10 lectures during June, It would help me get on my feet so I can fight this case - It will be 60 days before the 2 ~~civil~~ deals due started can start to pull in to money for me and then 30 more days to get 10 or 15 grand out of the deal - I cant wait that long, Am starving right now - I cannot find but $10.00 in two weeks -

The Jury was in the box 45 days - They had exhibits and records that they could not check in two or three days - They went to Dinner at six P.M. and in 2 hours decided the whole case - They remembered the D.A's ravings and said that's enough for us -

Somehow, Am not downcast or blue - only mad and everyone knows it - including the attys - Am talking to you later tonight as Sylvia said you would be in around 9 o'clock tonight

Am at the bottom now - I wonder sometimes if Am right bright - Am tried to do good and be helpful from the years - At times like this I wonder but I cant change my ways now Yours Sir

over

The kid from Princeton came and
I asked him if he was another Kahn
He said no — He said he never
saw Kahn — He wanted to know
about little men — I told him
to ask people who had seen them —
Dont ask me! I am wondering what the

hell your employer can write
about — facts not repetition — and
I told him that anything we had
to contribute would only be
to Scully — He said Pentagon showed
him lots of stuff now that Kay Lee
had not seen — do what —

Dear Frank-

Wednesday night-
6th

Since talking to you last weekend Sue worked frantically on the copy for the four lectures- They shaped up so well that I liked them myself- I figured to open with your introduction, given the inside story of the events that led to the talk here, and the Menzel blowdown, and the putting of the airforce repudiation dagger in his mercenary heart and then a full review of the Denver talk itself- I figured to do the second talk along the Traffic Club Oakland lines, and then with the third talk go into the subject of magnetic propulsion, and show how all the scientific critics have one by one swung into line, and then point out that there are so many weaknesses in the present thinking on magnetic flight, that Sue's lecture gives in the 4th lecture a complete picture of magnetic propulsion, and in detail give the analysis of the saucer that flew into the Vortex at Mulholland drive last summer- All this work kept me from collapsing on the return here over this criminal fraud of a Judge a D.A. a lying complainant and an indifferent Jury-

Very frankly your talk tonight has left me limp and Sue sat alone and gazed at

the blank wall for an hour trying to collect my wits. They are really scattered now—

I knew that you with that great Irish heart was all out for me to tell the story—

Had it been possible to get the Hulo movie print. I'm certain after talking to some clear heads here that I could have pictures a block here and packed auditorium to the rafters—For some reason, Gene couldn't get the print. I don't know whether he has the proper tie with Hulo or not—Its my hunch that the prints are not buried at all and that even Vail could get to them—

As the matter stands here our plan was to sell me of the papers, but without the print I can't do it—because of my present position in this trial—the public here have no respect whatever for the Post's pro da attitude Everybody worthwhile in this town knows Hader a rotarians crook of 30 years standing

To simply propose a talk to bring sameers up to date would hardly go here—and I have to handle this as a benefit because there are 2 judgements against me of small amounts and there might be an attempt to tie it the gale of they thought it would go to me—So we would have to let it go the net receipts

would be to advertise =

In my suggestion to you, I did not have in mind a mystery - I simply felt that it would be a good box office move to have you be the head of the show, and put on a double feature as it were - there could be one or two ways - you could start out on the subject, and then say to the audience that you have a guest in the audience, and that you would like to have the audience join with you in inviting this man to give a complete review of the famous lecture at U. of D. and if you had any idea of rock throwing, simply say that, you believe you are talking to an audience of serious thinking Americans seeking truth and knowledge, and no matter what they may have heard - only the first round has been fought in a battle that may make history in America when judgment is finally passed, and you before to tell the world what went on behind the scenes of the most dastardly frame up in all history - I tell you that in my judgement it will bring them back, and if somebody throws any kind of a rock - I know the answers.

I have one more idea that might work - Get Lead of Pen - and see what he thinks about having the talks at the Lakeside club - I do not know if they ever have things for pay or not - but I know they have many many friends there, and they do care

I would be for it, if it's not against the club rules to have a fan show=

Jim terribly sorry your health is in such a tail spin - Jim in a law suit - Jim the same person I was before it started - My problem is money - that is my flight just now, Jim working with several of my old friends here, and have their fullest cooperation, but there's no way to have cash coming in on my present work under sixty days. so in the interim I have to scratch - and it means I have to borrow -

I have the terrible problem of my family - Sharon and Howard - Regardless of the tragic error Sharon made - she is still my responsibility and our child must not suffer for some mistake of his parents - I say to you without apology - I love Sharon very much - and she has qualities far beyond the women I've known in this world, otherwise that boy wouldn't be the lad he is = We can all second guess - It never once occured to me when we married that I could not work just as well out of L.A. but I should have brought her directly here - and worked from here as I have for 17 years - But that's behind us - Of course I want to see my family - and that goes for Sharon Howard and Pop -

Sharon of course feels that his Cancer business is the seed of all our tragedy - and she is

certain Ed Bauer is evil beyond words - Just how he is mentally incompetent - He is absolutely unreliable - and yet he is possessed of knowledge about magnetics that is so far beyond the rest of the minds versed in this subject its funny - He had connections with the Government that are hard to ferret out even now - One thing is certain, he had a knowledge about saucers and their operation that little by little is officially coming in to the proper perspective - Several of us here have talked at great length about the matter because you must remember Jacobson was present at almost every talk we ever had - He was with me at Phoenix several times and saw many things I said - He still can't say the man lied - One thing was certainly in this case - He was stupid - He had a busted skull - and was so nuts he didn't know enough to stop the trial - He did things and said things no sane person would have ever done - Not one single thing did he finish - As the case as to his relations with Hader - One thing we all knew and that was that the 2 devices on which the case was set up - didn't belong there - Nobody except Hader ever saw them and he bought them in a ten cent store - This was a manufactured frame up and our stupid attorneys didn't know

enough about the subject to kick the deal - and I was tied to it regardless - Don't forget these attys - had one object, get their clients free, but don't forget this is just another case and they are not going to retire from law practice and whatsmore they'll win on appeal - That's their attitude and their thinking -

I hope this hasn't bored you, Jim inside awake - even tho Jim so let down at the moment I can't even hope to stand up

I had banked on your great following - I had banked on some Miller kid - and Jim not interested in some Miller kid - and as far Jesse - his heart's right but I don't think he knows the public mind - I thought you were on T.V. each week or was I wrong in that thought -

but anyway we shall see - the 75-00 to get to L.A. doesn't worry me at this end of line going to work when I get there, 99% of 5000 people who could come to hear 4 fellers never heard of this shoddin scrape here - and what if they have -

Anyway, Jim still a fightin and - my heart goes out to you for your effort - Personally I think you and you alone could make the whole thing a 100% success -

Yours Ed -

New Trial Sought In 'Doodlebug' Case

Arguments to grant a new trial for Silas M. Newton and Leo A. GeBauer, convicted "doodlebug" swindlers, got under way Monday in Denver district court.

Newton, Denver oil promoter, and GeBauer, Denver and Phoenix radio parts dealer, were found guilty early this year of bilking Herman A. Flader, Denver industrialist, out of $250,000 by selling him part interest in three machines, alleged to be able to locate underground oil, and oil leases owned by the defendants.

Following their conviction for confidence game and conspiracy to commit confidence game, their attorneys filed a motion for a new trial claiming 72 points of error during the nearly two-month long trial.

Defense arguments were not expected to conclude until Monday afternoon. Their arguments will be answered by District Attorney Bert M. Keating.

Both Newton and GeBauer face a possible jail sentence of up to 30 years on the two counts.

Defense attorneys Isaac and Gerald Mellman have indicated that if the motion for a new trial is denied by the trial judge they will petition the state supreme court to review the case.

MAJOR POINTS

Major points of error stressed by defense attorneys during Monday's arguments were:

1—Admissibility of certain evidence during the trial.

2—Changing of the information after the trial was under way.

3—That the statute of limitations had expired before the information was filed.

4—The court's failure to allow the defense to introduce certain evidence.

5—That the court erred in the 28 instructions given to the jury.

wirephoto)

Convicted Pair Get Probation

Phoenix?
June 15/54

DENVER (AP) — A former Phoenix business man, convicted in a swindle involving an oil divining device, was placed on probation here yesterday.

Leo A. GeBauer, 51, who operated a radio parts establishment in the Arizona city, was directed along with Silas M. Newton, who was also granted probation, to pay back $79,452 they had received from Herman A. Flader.

They were also directed to pay $2,734 in court costs.

Flader, a Denver industrialist, had charged the pair with losing $250,000 of his money in investments involving the oil finding apparatus.

They were convicted last Dec. 29 of conspiracy and confidence game, and could have been sentenced to serve up to 30 years in prison. But District Judge Frank E. Hickey offered the probation "in the public interest."

GeBauer was reported in poor health. Judge Hickey said both men had expressed willingness to "right their wrongs and cease their wrongdoings in the future."

Judge Grants Probation To GeBauer

DENVER, June 15 (AP)—District Judge Frank E. Hickey has granted probation to two men convicted in the doodlebug oil device swindling of a Denver man, saying he was taking the action "in the public interest."

Judge Hickey ruled yesterday that Leo A. GeBauer of Phoenix and Silas M. Newton of Denver must pay $79,452 to Herman A. Flader, victim of the swindle, and $2,734 in court costs.

GeBAUER, former operator of a radio parts business, at 1915 E. Washington, maintains a home at 739 E. McKinley.

The two men were convicted last Dec. 29 of conspiracy and confidence game. Flader testified they used a doodlebug apparatus, of wires and dials which they claimed could discover oil-bearing lands.

The Denver man claimed he had lost $250,000 in investments with Newton and GeBauer.

THE PHOENIX man, who is 51, was reported in poor health. He was in a wheel chair at some sessions of his trial. Newton, 66, is a Denver oil promoter and once won the Colorado Amateur Golf championship.

Both men could have been sentenced to a maximum of 30 years' imprisonment, a member of the district attorney's staff said.

Judge Hickey said both have expressed willingness "to right their wrongs of the past and to cease their wrongdoings in the future."

He ordered Newton and GeBauer to pay 15 per cent of their income in the coming year toward restitution, 20 per cent the following year, and 25 per cent thereafter.

THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Dear Frank Thurs PM

Here first favorable press of any kind—

The Judge evidently was made for he called D.A. & ask Allyn to come to chambers, an unprecedented thing and said gimme as till when can me have his hearing and argument. D.A. said I haven't even been notified—They went in camera—Judge wanted it next week—No dice—Finally made 22nd was fixed and Bonds continued. My boardman stood pat even tho I haven't paid him—must settle with him Friday or else

THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

So it goes - Am busy and I hope making some headway
Saw Skip & his wife a moment
last night - He looks better
than I ever saw him - His skin
100% clear —

So long -

Yours

Al

The Cabin stuff was horrible
beyond words. I hope you have
the whole series Monday - Home Friday

1 Newton Jan 27/53

I sh copies today of the Chronicle Crap — in the same mail with your letter. I suppose they figure with the jury verdict anything they want to say about any of us is privileged, and to a degree I suppose it is. I dont know what a reversal would do to their reasoning. Nothing I suspect, since no libel action was started since Aug 1952.

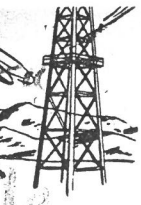
Please, Si, get prints of certain frames of that saucer negative, Just have any camera man shoot them off the print while you are present. I'll pay for them.

Incidentally, where is all your stuff — especially the tape recordings you were collecting since 1951?

Sharon & Howard were up for lunch two days ago. They look fine.

Z...

FLYING SAUCER BUNCO



How a Fantastic Fraud Was Exposed

This is the story of how two of the Nation's slickest bunco men were finally brought to justice.

In January of 1951 Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn was assigned to find out what was behind the fantastic story of the little men who supposedly flew from Venus to Earth in flying saucers traveling faster than the speed of light.

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It is also worth noting that some of the Nation's top law enforcement agencies, the FBI included, have been snuffling the trial of Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer (alias Arnold L. J. GeBauer, alias Harry Grebauer) for years. None of them, however, ever managed to bring Newton to trial and GeBauer's most serious brush with the law was a suspended sentence on a technical violation of the Federal Housing Act. Yet between them Newton and GeBauer have buncoed the American public out of several million dollars;" their thoughtfully loose accounting methods make it impossible to calculate the exact amount.

In publishing the story of how Newton and GeBauer were finally brought to trial, it is necesary to deal firmly with the hoax about the little men and the flying saucers. This does not mean, however, that The Chronicle or Mr. Cahn necessarily think all flying saucer stories are hoaxes.

By J. P. CAHN

A FLYING SAUCER that didn't exist finally grounded Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer, a pair of the highest flying con men ever to turn up on the wrong side of a court decision.

It happened like this.

On Sept. 8, 1950, Henry Holt and Co. published a book by Frank Scully titled, "Behind the Flying Saucers."

SILAS NEWTON
Ice boxes to Eskimos

I bought a copy along with some 30,000 other Americans. It turned out to be badly written. It is also heavily padded with reprints of newspaper stories and pseudo - scientific theories to bring it up to standard book length.

MYSTERY OF DR. GEE

The meat of the Scully book is that he was in touch with a top-notch scientist who had examined three flying saucers grounded in the southwest portion of the United States. According to Scully, this man feared the U. S. Government would crack down on him for telling the top secret story of the saucer landings. Scully, therefore, referred to him only as Dr. Gee.

Scully freely admitted, however, that the man who introduced him to Dr. Gee was Silas Mason Newton, the doctor's employer and president of the Newton Oil Co. of Denver, Colo.

According to Scully, Newton, himself one of the world's great authorities on petroleum, had set up his private wizard, Dr. Gee, in the kind of laboratory most research men only dream about. Newton could apparently afford it, for at one point in his book Scully hints at his financial

On the Trail of a Swindle

The Flying Saucer Bunco Exposed

strength by describing him as "a man who never made more than $25,000,000 or lost more than $20,000,000."

TRIP FROM VENUS

As Scully wrote it, Dr. Gee had studied the grounded saucers and thought they had flown from Venus to Earth traveling faster than the speed of light.

Scully said Dr. Gee had been the head of a billion-dollar military research program developing magnetic instruments used to detect submarines. Despite his wizardry the doctor had received only a miserable $7200 a year for his efforts while in the Government's service.

To better his income, he became a research scientist for oilman Newton. Between the two of them, according to Scully, they were supposed to have developed an instrument that made finding oil easier than locating an anvil in your watch pocket.

ENTER THE SAUCERS

The way Dr. Gee got in on the flying saucers was simple. Although he was no longer in the Government's employ when the saucers supposedly landed, Air Force officers, dashing to the site of the first grounded saucer in the wilds of New Mexico, called him in for consultation.

As a reward for rooting around inside the saucers, Dr. Gee was given some souvenirs from outer space. They included two metal disks said to be made of a metal unknown to the Earth.

Newton, Scully wrote, while he had never seen a flying saucer, had lectured on the subject at the University of Denver in March of 1950. The way Scully reported the event, Newton, using the alias of Scientist X. had really given the professors at the university something to think about—so much, in fact, that they lacquered over Newton's blackboard illustrations to preserve them.

If by some 1000 to one chance

Continued on Page 11, Col. 1

Continued from Page 1

Scully's story was true and I could get the rest of it exclusively, it would be just a little bit better than being the only reporter on hand when Columbus discovered America.

If the whole thing were a hoax, how was a reputable author like Scully taken in? Who was Silas Newton and his mysterious Dr. Gee?

The starting point was clear enough.

I began in February of 1951 by interviewing Scully in his Hollywood home.

It was a waste of time. Scully wouldn't tell me anything that wasn't in his book. He did, however, offer to introduce me to Silas Newton.

After half a dozen broken appointments, I finally met Newton one evening at Scully's.

THE MAN ARRIVES

When Silas Newton walked into Frank Scully's living room Newton seemed surrounded by his own private nimbus of importance, activity and money, lots of money. He was the picture of the successful oil man right out of the pages of Fortune Magazine.

His face was tanned and deeply creased about the eyes, no doubt from squinting at the dials of his magnetic instruments in the glare of the desert sun.

His sport clothes were the kind of togs you see in a shop that has a solid red door, a gold coat of arms instead of a sign and nothing in the window but a leather humidor and a $750 briar pipe.

"TOP SECRET WORK"

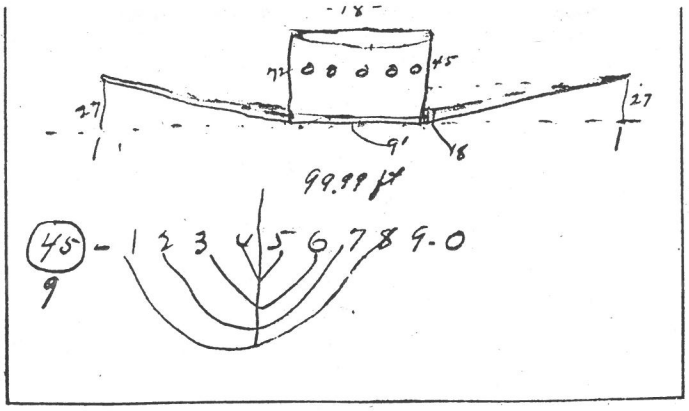
Although I didn't learn anything from Newton that evening, it developed that he would soon be in San Francisco doing some "top secret work for the big brass," as he liked to put it. Newton thought he might be able to squeeze me in between conferences "with the military." We made a tentative appointment, and Newton left—in a Cadillac, of course.

We met next in San Francisco's dignified, old Palace Hotel. Newton was perfectly at home. Adolph Steinhoff, world-famous captain of the Palace's Garden Court, addressed Newton by name; and several of the waiters smiled and nodded at him as we sat down to dinner.

SAUCERS AND OIL

Newton talked saucers, pausing only now and then to mention casually how he had discovered Colorado's great Rangely oil field or how the Newton Oil Company's various drilling crews were progressing in the Majave desert. The snapper did not come until the table had been cleared and we had our coffee.

Making sure that none of the other diners was watching, Newton fished out a soiled knotted handkerchief. After an impressive build-up while he fumbled with the knots, he murmured confidentially, "You ever see anything like this?"



"FLYING SAUCER"—Silas Newton made this sketch of the alleged top secret discovery. Figures indicate dimensions in feet. The numbered candelabra below is Newton's explanation of the "system of nines"; all the linked pairs of figures add up to nine. This was a significant key to the saucers, Newton said.

Out of the handkerchief tumbled two aluminum colored metal disks about the size of five-cent pieces—the disks of unknown metal from the flying saucers.

Newton scooped them off the table and then let me examine them one at a time.

The disks, except for tiny surface scratches, were unmarked. They were so light that if you held one of them in the palm of your hand, you had to look to be sure it was there.

While I examined the disks, Newton, never taking his eyes off his treasures, talked about Dr. Gee and his miraculous inventions.

Newton is the kind of talker who could sell a calliope to an undertaker.

ANALYSIS DECLINED

Every time I brought up the subject of having the disks of unknown metal analyzed by an impartial laboratory, Newton would gruffly explain that the disks had undergone 150 tests in his own laboratories and he didn't see any reason for testing them further. Then he would dart off on another subject.

It was pretty obvious that Newton was trying to sell something. The big question was what.

The chances that there was any truth in his flying saucer story were slimmer than ever. But in order to prove it, one way or the other, I had to get one of those disks of unknown metal into a laboratory and find out just how unknown it really was. At the moment, the prospects didn't look very good.

OFF FOR WASHINGTON

According to Newton he was off in the morning for some conferences with "the big brass in Washington." That meant I'd have some time before I got another chance to get my hands on those disks of unknown metal.

I decided my best move was to go over to Newton's home town, Denver. I wanted to talk to someone who had heard his saucer lecture at Denver University and to look at the offices of the Newton Oil Company.

My first stop in Denver was the Denver Post. Going through the clippings in the Post library, I soon found that Newton's Scientist X lecture at Denver University was anything but the high level, scientific event Scully had described.

Instead it was an exercise for a basic science class designed by Instructor Francis Broman to help his students evaluate a speaker.

INSTRUCTOR UNHAPPY

Instructor Broman, whose stunt had backfired, was thoroughly disenchanted with Si Newton. The publicity that followed the Scientist X talk had set the university's academic teeth on edge. Broman, an otherwise calm individual, was still jittery about the subject of saucers when I turned up to interview him nearly two years after the Newton lecture.

The first thing he did was hand me a prepared statement, a copy of his introduction of Scientist X. I noted it clearly stated the purpose of the lecture.

Scully's book made no mention of the introduction.

Newton, even when it looked as if the lecture might cost Broman his position at the university, never publicly admitted his lecture was just a class exercise.

Broman couldn't understand it.

WHO AND WHY?

Neither could I, but I had a hunch. If Newton was trying to give a fake flying saucer story stature, a university lecture would be just the ticket, provided it could be rigged to look like a real academic event. But who was Newton trying to fool and why?

I asked Broman if I might see the lacquered-over blackboards on which, Scully wrote, Newton's illustrations were preserved.

Broman laughed weakly. Apparently he had been asked to show the blackboard before.

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ous to preserve (those drawings)," he said. "They were just a couple of circles labeled 'Earth' and 'Venus,' a crude sketch of what the saucers were supposed to have looked like and a diagram showing how combinations of digits can be added up to total nine which had something to do with the measurements of the saucers."

NEWTON OIL CO.

I had heard all that before. It was straight out of Scully's book which I was beginning to realize was straight out of Newton's Scientist X speech.

My next stop was the Newton Oil Co.'s headquarters in the Equitable Building. It turned out to be a couple of offices connected by a waiting room. When I arrived a man who said he was the secretary of the company was passing the time of day with the receptionist. There wasn't another soul in sight. The set up looked a little skimpy for the nerve center of the far flung petroleum enterprise that Newton had described.

STANDARD OFFICE

To check out his claim that he had rediscovered Colorado's mighty Rangely oil field, I stopped in at the offices of the California Co., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California. It was quite a contrast. The whole Newton Oil Co. would have fitted into the men's room.

Richard D. White, the exploration superintendent for the California Co., rolled down the Rangely map for me. It was quite true that Newton did have a few Rangely leases, but the field had been rediscovered, if you can call finding additional oil sands rediscovery, in 1902, not by Silas Newton but by Standard Oil of California.

A SUGGESTION

As I was leaving White had a suggestion. "If you really want to get an idea of how Newton operates, get hold of some back issues of a magazine called 'Petroleum Review.' You'll find some articles in there by Newton himself that will give you a pretty good line on him."

On my way out of town to the airport I asked Thor Severseen, a reporter at the Denver Post, if he'd try to hunt up some Petroleum Reviews and mail them to me.

I made one more call from the airport. At one point in our conversations Newton had casually mentioned that he also owned the Oriental Refining Co. located in Denver. I had driven by the plant, just to make sure it really existed, but I didn't have time to stop.

LEO GeBAUER
The "wizard scientist"

about on the plane back to San Francisco.

The closer I got to home the surer I was that the only way I could ever check out the Newton flying saucer story was to get my hands on one of those disks of unknown metal and have it analyzed.

By the time the plane touched down at the San Francisco airport I had a plan. I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but I didn't know it was going to be as tough as it turned out to be.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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THE GREAT FLYING SAUCER BUNCO

Second Installment
S.F Chronicle

PANORAMA
CCCC
Monday, Jan. 18, 1954
San Francisco Chronicle

The Big Switch — And How It Worked

By J. P. CAHN

GETTING hold of one of Si Newton's disks of unknown metal turned out to be about as easy as getting a passkey to Fort Knox.

What I had in mind was a device known in not so polite society as "The Switch." In order to work it I had to first make a reasonable facsimile of one of Newton's disks—from memory. Then I would have to persuade Newton to haul out his disks again and, while he wasn't looking, substitute my counterfeit for one of his original disks.

The Lucky Break

Right at the start I had a lucky break. One of my fellow reporters is a very capable machinist. I knew where I was going to get my counterfeit disk made.

That was the end of the lucky breaks, for a while.

Newton's disks were about as big as a nickel and incredibly light. But when it got right down to making the counterfeit, I couldn't quite remember if the disks were thicker than a nickel or thinner.

We wound up by making an assortment of disks of various sizes and in different metals, including one made of monel that was thicker than the rest and weighed about five times as much.

When we were through our collection looked pretty fair, but the disks were too shiny. I began carrying them around in my pocket to age them. The only trouble with that was that I jingled as if I had just pried open a jukebox.

The Pro Magician

While we were making the counterfeits, Newton was whisking in and out of San Francisco working on some kind of deal, as he said, "for the big brass."

I stayed clear of him as much as I could until the counterfeit disks were ready.

Actually, I never intended working the switch myself. It involved palming the disks and I had tried it a couple of times. I was clumsy as a bear. To do the job I lined up an old friend of mine, Hal McIntyre, a reformed professional magician.

When we were all set, we loaded McIntyre with the counterfeits and set off for an appointment with Newton.

Only Newton wouldn't produce.

McIntyre had been introduced to him as an admirer of Scully's book and a great believer in the little-men-from-Venus story who had a saucer story to report.

That was probably a mistake.

Two minutes after we sat down together, Newton was hurtling through the cosmos. There was no getting him back to earth, or to the disks of unknown metal.

The first attempt at Operation Switch was a total failure.

The next day, Newton announced that he was off for Washington for more "top secret conferences with the military." This time I decided to check on him and wired a Chronicle connection in Washington to keep an eye

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Story of a Hoax

This is the story of how two of the Nation's slickest bunco men were finally brought to justice.

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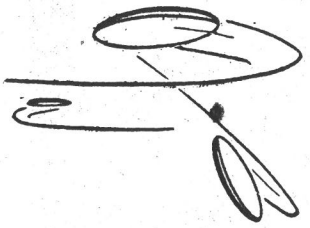
Denver Post Photo

Leo A. GeBauer, in wheelchair, and Silas Newton, second from right, with Defense Attorneys Isaac Mellman, left, and Theodore Epstein

on the airport and see if Newton showed up.

He did. And he had appointments with some well-situated Government men. It was enough to make you wonder if maybe the little men from Venus hadn't arrived in their flying saucers after all.

While Newton was in Washington, I kept checking. A



query was sent to the FBI to see if Newton had a record. Then I started dredging through old newspaper files.

The Newspaper Record

Here's what I found:

On July 9, 1931, the New York Times ran a story about one Silas M. Newton, a "reputedly wealthy oil man and golfer," who was arrested by New York police and charged with grand larceny following the complaint of a New Jersey real estate man who claimed Newton sold him a valise full of worthless utilities stocks for $25,000.

While that case was pending, according to the files, Newton was hauled into court again.

The San Francisco Chronicle for Jan. 15, 1932, carried a story stating that Ed Hughes, a sports cartoonist for the Brooklyn Eagle, complained to the New York State Bureau of Securities that his onetime friend, Silas M. Newton, had euchred him out of $28,000 in a fast securities shuffle.

Other New York Times clippings showed that in 1934, at Oneida, New York, and again in 1935 in Elmira, New York, Newton had two more run-ins with the law, both arrests resulting from charges concerning false stock statements.

FBI File

By this time I had received a reply to my query to the FBI. Their file No. 835861 verified the newspaper reports.

One significant factor ran through all Newton's brushes with the law. His record did not show a single conviction. In fact, he had never even been brought to trial. In every instance, the charges against him just melted away.

Newton was either one of the world's most persecuted innocent men or he was a past master at getting off the hook.

While I was mulling that one over, I found out that Newton made frequent telephone calls to one Leo GeBauer in Phoenix, Arizona. While he was no superscientist, GeBauer, I found, was an extremely competent radio technician operating a radio parts house in Phoenix.

Newton had been extremely secretive about Dr. Gee, the wonder scientist who had been called in by the Government to inspect the flying saucers. The names GeBauer and Gee certainly had a family resemblance. I was wondering if it might not be a good idea to go down to Phoenix when Newton popped back up in San Francisco.

This time there was a new trend in the conversation.

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Newton's scientific associates, presumably Dr. Gee and his colleagues, were beginning to be upset by the thought that Frank Scully's book had made several thousand dollars out of the story they had told.

The way they put it, according to Newton, these men would be very happy to have The Chronicle tell the **complete** story of the saucers to the world but they kept asking him, "What is there in it for us?"

The Big Upset

I told Newton The Chronicle would be happy to pay for the story if it were true. All he had to do was give us something we could verify—say those disks of unknown metal.

Newton refused to let them out of his possession.

The best I could do was to persuade him to let us see them again.

One look at those disks, Newton felt, was proof enough the saucers had landed.

This time I agreed.

McIntyre, the magician, was alerted again, and I loaded the disks into my pockets to give them a final shot of aging.

Then Newton upset the whole thing.

In the middle of what I thought was just another conference to arrange the details, Newton hauled the old handkerchief out of his pocket, spilled the disks on the desk and murmured casually, "I suppose you wanted to see these again."

It was a bad moment.

It had come too soon. Worse, one look at Newton's disks and I realized our copies were pretty shabby.

However, I had them with me.

Operation Switch

I slid my right hand into my pocket and got hold of the thickest of our fake disks. It was the one made of monel. From the heft of it in my pocket I knew it was way too heavy, but it was the only one that was nearly thick enough.

I'm not very good at that sort of thing. My hands still sweat just thinking about it.

"Let me see one of those disks again, Mr. Newton," I croaked.

I took Newton's disk and pretended to heft it in my right hand where I had the counterfeit palmed.

The big secret of the switch, McIntyre had told me, was to never look at your hand while you were switching.

The hardest thing I've ever done was keeping my eyes from flicking down at that heavy, heavy monel counterfeit as I slid it into my left hand and passed it back to Newton.

He didn't notice a thing.

He just plunked that counterfeit down in the handkerchief along with the other disks and went right on talking about a cigar-shaped saucer that was photographed over Africa or something.

When he finished whatever it was he was talking about, he folded up the handkerchief, stuck it in his pocket and bustled off.

Five minutes later I was on my way to the Stanford Research Institute at Menlo Park, California, one of the country's top independent commercial laboratories.

If anyone could tell me what that disk of unknown metal was made of, SRI could do the job.

(Continued Tomorrow)

9) 3rd Installment Jan 19/54 S.F. Chronicle

THE GREAT FLYING SAUCER BUNCO

THIS IS THE THIRD PART of the story of how Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer, a pair of bunco men, were tripped up by Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn, assigned to check into Frank Scully's best seller, "Behind the Flying Saucers," the original story of the little men from Venus.

Newton, the man who told Scully the flying saucer story, showed Reporter Cahn a pair of disks, supposedly of unknown metal. Newton said the disks were taken from a grounded saucer by a mysterious super scientist identified only as Dr. Gee, an ex-Government wizard now in the laboratories of the Newton Oil Co. develop-

By J. P. CAHN

THE SCIENTISTS at Stanford Research Institute are a methodical lot.

They gave Newton's disk of unknown metal the full treatment; gravimetric, microscopic, and spectrochemical analysis.

As it turned out, it was a shame to have gone to all that trouble. The disk wasn't made of anything that couldn't be analyzed by a 12-year-old with a $4 Chem-Craft set.

The unknown metal that Dr. Gee had supposedly taken from a flying saucer, the same disk that had refused to melt in Dr. Gee's laboratory at 10,000 degrees, melted quite nicely at Stanford Research Institute at just 657 degrees, Fahrenheit.

It was made of aluminum, 99.5 per cent pure, a quality known commercially as Grade 2S and used in the manufacture of nothing more cosmic than pots and pans.

Build-Up for Bunco

The SRI analysis plus what I had found out about Newton's past brushes with the law made it a good bet that the little men in the flying saucers story was the build-up for some kind of bunco.

But how was it going to pay off? Who was going to get the valise full of worthless stock certificates this time? Was Leo GeBauer, the man I had located in Phoenix, Dr. Gee, or was Dr. Gee made of the same star dust as the little men from Venus?